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CABARET

THE ADULT ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

**ROSEMARY
CLOONEY**
TOMBOY WITH
TALENT

EVELYN WEST:
WHY STRIPPERS
SHOULD
STAY SINGLE

WHAT MAKES
JERRY LEWIS
GO?

**PINUP ART
IN FULL
COLOR**



AMERICA'S MOST SAVAGE STRIPPER

DOLORES DEL RAYE, Cabaret's cover star for May, is a rising contender for top honors in the show biz biz, for she has polished her curves in three short years into top billing across the nation. But as Franklin Thiele explains in his story about her on page 18, she is also a girl who takes no nonsense from over-ambitious males, whether they are fans or not.

COVER



SPOTLIGHT

THERE HAS BEEN a lot of talk over the past few years about the host of stunner influences which are nibbling away at America's night life, reducing it from glittering grandeur to a dim and faded shadow.

Yet the picture that Cabaret's writers and photographers report each month is far different. Settling into their accustomed chair at the front table they are unfolding before them a panorama of entertainment and excitement unrivaled, for all that the old timers say about the gold old days.

And, as the places and personalities presented in this issue prove, the old arrangements are not wholly gone. Greenwich Village, traditional center of offbeat entertainment is still there. The village, as Morton Cooper tells in his article about it, is still a fertile plot producing much in the way of good fun. New personalities on the night life scene offer another indication that the ship isn't going down. On the contrary, Dolores Del Raye, a beauty who is much too smart to board a ghost ship, and is introduced in this issue.

Speaking of new faces, featured in this issue is Cabaret's own appraisal of the new look on an old face—the fabulous Jerry Lewis' new personality as a single. Jack Wilner gives an intimate backstage and outfront view of this most talked-about cabaret entertainer.



SHOWGIRL OF THE MONTH

JUNE ARNOLD, the smiling star who takes Cabaret's spotlight this month, is, at 22, a veteran of four years in the Cabaret circuits, and has been nominated for the West Coast title of the "Most Beautiful Girl in Berkeley" by the men who know—the theatrical photographers.

CABARET®

THE ADULT ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE



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WHAT MAKES JERRY LEWIS go?

Zany comic of nation's hottest cabaret double has blossomed out as triple threat single with tux and willingness to travel in search of new entertainment triumphs.

By Jack Willner

REELING out smash song hit "Rockabye" (left) and clowning before microphone (below), Jerry Lewis captures night club with new act.





THERE IS no doubt any more. The new Jerry Lewis has soared across the entertainment scum like a comet whose flaming path cannot be stopped. The country's best two man team has become the number one single—all in a matter of a few short months. As one Chicago reviewer put it: "Jerry Lewis is no longer merely a comedian. He has become a great performer, one who someday will be ranked with the great ones of the American stage. All the remarkable talent he has is finally being channeled into a smooth, deeply running stream made up of equal portions of wit, charm, pathos, and song-and-dance."

When the smoke cleared after the dissolution of the Martin-Lewis empire, which earned \$10 million in 10 short years, the spotlight focused on a new Jerry Lewis. Could the comic, for all his sparkle, energy and talent, long survive without the support of his easy-going, talented foil, Dean Martin? Would his funny faces be as funny without Martin to stretch his mouth out of shape, to provide relief



KIDDING WITH AUDIENCE. Lewis enters claps her to cheer (top), then in spite of her embarrassment (center), to sing. As she does (bottom) her guests react. "You're right, you can't sing" burst bursts cracks, delivered with Lewis charm, somehow never offend audience, instead make even butt of joke laugh with rest of audience.





PERCHED ATOP PIANO, Lewis quips with audience in offbeat manner. He believes it essential to inject personal element in act.

from the frenetic Lewis humor with his relaxed, easy singing? The answer, in a resounding affirmative, has been given by a personality which was known during the years of the partnership only to friends of the pair, but which has emerged full-fledged into the spotlight when Jerry went on his own.

What is this personality? How does it emerge on the stage to make the Lewis half of the Martin-Lewis combo a whole instead of a half? What is it that emerges as Jerry Lewis works alone?

As one critic summed it up, it amounts to the fact that "Jerry Lewis, who had all the charm and appeal of a little boy when he worked with Dean Martin, has now become a man. He has added the skills of the well-trained, seasoned adult entertainer to the laughable clowning of the little boy, and come up with something that can prove as explosive an entertainment combination as those provided by a Cohen, a Jolson or a Cantor.

So far, everything Jerry has touched has turned to gold for him—even records, a field dominated by the more serious, more mellifluous Dean, and one which the record makers said Jerry would be a fool to enter with serious songs. But today, his "Just Slings" album and "Rockabye" single have become solid hits.

Developments in the record field are symptomatic of

WATCHING TELEVISION in hotel suite, Jerry was remote watch to change shows, gives red-faced reactions to night's television shows.





PROUD FATHER, Jerry poses with pretty wife, Pam and youngest of his sons Scott. Two older sons are Roman, 7 and Gary, 11

everything that has happened to Jerry since the split. "Back in 1949 I offered to do some straight singing for one of the record companies," he recalls. "They told me I was an idiot, and now look what's happened."

Jerry, who has correspondence to prove this really happened, takes understandable satisfaction in this as well as the rest of his many successes. They include such diverse things as serious moviemaking—something he practiced only as a hobby for the amusement of himself and his Hollywood friends—and dancing, used to good advantage in his new act.

But the biggest triumph, of course, is in his impact as a single. "I knew that I would have to avoid comparisons and go in a different direction," he says of his new act. "But I'm not a standup comedian. I can't stand out there alone and just tell jokes for the whole show. I need situations, and settings."

The format for the new act was hammered out in skull sessions at Jerry's home in Beverly Hills before his Las Vegas opening last winter. It included a talented troupe of male dancers, the Aristocrats, and sex in the form of Georgine Darcy, a caravacous dancer, and Judy Scott, a singer who belts out a song with as much vigor as the star of the show.

The Las Vegas opening was a hit, but it wasn't felt to be a true test, because of the holiday mood prevailing all year round at the famous Nevada vacation center. A lot of the patrons were there because of the furor attendant on his break with Dean, and smothered by the thunderous applause, but still present, were (Continued on page 51)



ONSTAGE with supporting cast of new act, Lewis plays stumblebum in dancing class conducted by caravacous dancer Georgine Darcy.



BARE MOMENT of slender thought is caught by camera as usually hilarious Lewis talks shop with member of band.



CROWDING autograph hands attest Jerry's popularity by making him at record store.



READING OF SPLIT with partner Martin, Lewis, reads poem of January CARARET

AMERICA'S MOST SAVAGE STRIPPER



GOOMPHING IT UP in spectacular fashion is Del Ray herself. She has infinite variety of ways to peel all conspired to please more than tease.

Pacing burlesque stages like a tigress, Dolores Del Ray is a helligeroent brunetto beauty who frightens the yell out of men.



By Franklin Thistle

SOME MONTHS AGO, guests in a midtown Manhattan hotel were treated to a rare and entertaining spectacle as, aroused by shouts and sounds like pistol shots, they flung open their doors and peered out to see what was the matter. Before their amazed eyes there unfolded in the hall a rare re-enactment of the old Roman days: in the lead, a portly, respectable looking gent with his quietly expensive clothes in some disarray; in the rear, and coming up fast, a curvaceous, raven-haired beauty with the fire of righteous wrath in her flashing black eyes, and an enormous bull whip in her strong right hand. As the strange procession zipped down the hall, the lady flicked her quarry a series of resounding cracks with the whip, all the while shouting, "Dance, dance, you swilltime Roman." The gent, between puffs at his unaccustomed exercises, emitting pleas for mercy until an elevator door opened and offered him its blessed sanctuary. As the silent doors closed on the shuddering



WIELDING BIG WHIP so masterful, Deborah handles it with skill of professional disciplinarian, but she found it effective for well-being



PROJECTING CHARM is not difficult job for orange-like stars who know how to vary costumes and acts continually to retain freshness. She designs own costumes to insure plenty of color and liveliness.

Romero, the stormy lass coiled her whip, and without excuse or explanation, tip-tapped her high-heeled way back to her room, slammed the door with finality.

It is incidents like this, spread over the space of only a few years, but talked of from Baltimore to Buja, California, that have given Dolores Del Ray her reputation as the stripper who frightens men—one of the most volcanic personalities in all show business, and certainly America's most savage lass in the strip brigade, when her ire is aroused.

Certainly, at first glance, the casual observer would hardly think it of this petite package of pulchritude, whose unassuming manner and wholesome good looks often cause her to be mistaken for a career girl, or a college co-ed.

As a matter of fact, most of Dolores' aversary is expressed during her exotic act, and not ordinarily as part of the charming personality which she displays to the world, but she is not averse to unleashing the full fury of her temper on anyone who oversteps the bounds of propriety, as in the case in point.

"Actually, one of my big problems in life has always been convincing the overly-ardent members of the opposite sex that I'm to be seen and not touched," says the brunette beauty of the bistro circuits. "I suppose my act is kind of a defense, because if I seem too



POWDER PUFF strenuous and powder leg exercises of Dolores always make her "standing room only" signs when she appears.



EXPOSING more domestic side of moonlighted life, curious dancer displays typical girl-out-door habits. She has large collection of rhythm and blues records, is part-time smoker and likes to scan magazines that have lots of pins and few words, while relaxing

hot to handle, then none will feel like testing the temperature."

The act, incidentally, features the same long and rusty bull whip which so expressed the Manhattan number, a prop which Dolores uses in her Matador dance routine and handles with the professional skill of a lion tamer.

Naturally, Dolores doesn't intentionally try to frighten supper club patrons with her bull whip. On the contrary, like any top stripper, she works hard to captivate cabaret



PERCHED ON BED, Delaney prepares to retire after long evening on stage. She finds sleep easy, relaxes like cat at will.

patrons by making her dance routine "as alluring as possible."

Once, however, she gave way to an overpowering impulse to teach a heckler a lesson he would never forget, and decided on her policy as a result. The incident occurred several years ago on her opening night at a club in Baltimore, Maryland.

Dolores tells the story: "During my first two performances of the evening a poth . . . (Continued on page 50)"

Varied night life of Village has earned it reputation as New York's naughtiest neighborhood, still going strong in spite of passing years.



ZANY CRADLE of Bohemian life, Greenwich Village is still a hotbed of nightspots with multitudes of nightspots during both sides of street.



GREENWICH VILLAGE; THE MECCA FOR MADCAP MERRIMENT

By Leonard Bennett

AT ONE TIME or another during its 330 years of existence, New York's infamous Greenwich Village has been called the American home of Bohemia, the art cradle of the United States, the freeway for free love, and, to quote every seventh rate romantic in the world, the place where boy meets girl and you can't tell the difference.

Each of these appellations once fitted. Some still do.

The state of mind called The Village has through the years boasted tyrants such as Edgar Allen Poe, Henry James, Eugene O'Neill, Mark Twain, O. Henry, and Edna St. Vincent Millay who in their backstreet houses produced some of



VILLAGE FUN-FARE is doled up as variety act wares depending on size of visitor's wallet. Some come for earthy comic routines like that of Lully Christine (left), others go for breaks at classy cabarets like bow-tied Jimmy Daniels' plush Bon Soir club (right).

this country's most enduring literary works. Winslow Homer painted here. George Washington slept here. Aaron Burr died here, and some of the nation's most colorful brothel keepers practiced their crafts here.

Although night life of every conceivable type of persuasion is still apparent in this Manhattan area which goes from 14th Street to Canal Street and from the Hudson River to 3rd Avenue, a lot of changes have taken place since its 1935 heyday. Probably the most important one is that the overall feeling of sexin' and sinnin' is noticeably reduced. But the visitor can still find most vices available in the Village, though not necessarily with more accommodation than he might find in any other like community. There are, however, few communities like it.

The history of Greenwich Village as a lodge for the blitso traces back to shortly after the Civil War. As uptown streets such as Park Avenue became fashionable, wealthy Villagers moved out of their Washington Square mansions to take residence with the migrated hos pottos. Into the mansions moved young artists, painters, writers and actors, all of them brought together by two relationships in common: they were poor, and they were rebels against what they considered to be the stuffy sexual standards of the country.

In order to meet the high rents, dozens of them would live in the houses together. They would eat together, work together and, because no one arranged for the men to be separated from the women, sleep together. The word got around, naturally, that bacchanals were nightly occurrences in Washington Square, and the reputation



HAPPY SHOE INSPECTOR enjoys antics of Bonney Beverly Jean at Ernie's Circus club.

CAVORTING STRIPPERS
more than held their own against
rival competition at drag shows
and jazz parties in Greenwich
Village. Crowd-pleasing Beverly
Jean (below) has been at some
Village pool palaces for three
months with possible unlimited
run in store for her second act.





TOERID STRIP typical of Village floorshows is performed by Gene Marie, popular East Coast exotic. Though burlesque is banned in New York, even her frenetic display fails to lose sophisticated mixed audiences who continue chatter unceasingly.



VILLAGE INHABITANTS pass time watching wits at chess (above) while hushpaws (right) prepares to provide entertainment of less intellectual nature

grow to the extent that even today out-of-towners will taxi downtown in search of the depravity they've heard taken place behind every locked door.

Actually, the Depression-Prohibition period was the most actively thrill-seeking and thrill-providing in downtown Manhattan, and anyone in the market for kicks he couldn't—and probably wouldn't want to—find in his own staid neighborhood, found them here.

Offbeat cabarets by this time had become big business and, from the spectator point of view, sex in many forms was a major commodity in cabarets. "Drag" shows—acts wherein entertainers of one sex wear the clothes of and impersonate the opposite sex—really took hold here for the first time, after having been a successfully accepted branch of show business in Europe for years. Womanly men and mannish women who, until then, had had little legitimate outlet for exhibiting themselves for money, got the chance when it became evident that pubescers were willing to pay well to watch the strange doings of beautiful men and handsome gals strutting their queer stuff.

Far wilder and less inhibited in the 30's, male and female impersonators were Greenwich Village's chief misery asset, and few performing holds were barred as the smuth of near-obscenity was reached on stage. Like the swallowing of goldfish, drag shows were suddenly something new and titillating, and each night club owner who specialized in (Continued on page 52)





SHIRTSLEEVED SONGS (top) is presented gold key to Paramount dressing room. She makes pleasure with business (bottom) at side of pool.

ROSEMARY CLOONEY: the tomboy with talent



Despite her gentler gender, Rosie, the boyish beauty of show biz, has warbled her way to recordland recognition as Bing Crosby's closest counterpart.

By Alfred Duckett

EVER SINCE the great groaner, Bing Crosby, hit his stride more years ago than Bug cases can remember, aspiring young singers have been trying to emulate "Der Bingle's" carefree, casual style. While some of the idle crooners came close, none of them succeeded in capturing his easy, nonchalant way of putting a song across—it took a distaff singer to do it. She is Rosemary Clooney, 23-year-old star of stage, screen, and night clubs who is now casting a wide swath across all fields of entertainment endeavor and scoring at every base.

No less of an authority than Mitch Miller, the bearded genius at the helm of Columbia Records' pop tune section, has bestowed the accolade on Rosie. "She's a female Bing," he says. "She's a great talent. Sings anything, high or low. And does it in one take. Like Crosby."

There are three reasons to support the argument that Rosie Clooney rates as a female edition of Crosby. They are her versatility, ease in singing and nonchalant attitude about the whole thing.



CHIRPING western tune during scene from musical, "Red Garters," Kenrickian Clooney duplicates ease and versatility of veteran



HAPPY COUPLE, Rosemary and husband, distinguished actor-producer, John Farrow, first met during personal appearance he made for "Cyrano de Bergerac" in fall of 1958. After first meeting he "just kept running into Rose" until he fell in love with her.



BIRTHDAY PARTY occurred on studio lot during filming of "White Christmas." Group includes (left to right) guests of honor, King Paul and Queen Frederika of Greece, yelling movie stars, Vera Ellen, Danny Kaye and Rose.



TOYBOY Clooney rather indulges in wholesome outdoor activity than in night clubbing. Here she is about to take dip in private pool.



CLOONEY KIDS Betty, Nick and Rose pose together at showing of film she starred in, "The Stars Are Singing."

Rose starts in the nonchalance department and has become almost legendary in Hollywood for her tomboyish attitudes about dress, make-up, and an abhorrence for "putting on the dog" which is probably only equaled by one other performer—her idol, Bing.

This has been a lifetime attitude for her. Back in her teen days, Rosemary and her sister Betty went to a singing audition for bandleader Tony Pastor in bobby-sox costume with their hair wet from swimming. Recently at a recording session the Clooney hair was as impenetrable as a jasn session and there was no hint of makeup on her face.



BETWEEN SHOTS in filming "Here Comes the Groom," Clooney chats with fellow performer, Christian Fawcett, l.

Marlene Dietrich, a close friend and advisor of Rosemary's was also there at the session. She offered to let Rose use her lipstick.

"Why do I need that?" Rosemary asked her. "I'm working."

Miss Dietrich pointed out that there were photographers around who were also working, but Rose paid them no heed.

Rose showed a similar disregard for glasse regulations when she screen-tested in Hollywood. Friends warned her against wearing white dresses— (Continued on page 54)

CABARETS'



RHONDA FLEMING

Orson Thomas

pinup art

THE PROBLEM with television, which is rapidly assuaging the role of America's nightclub-in-the-living-room, presenting as it does all of the top stars of the night life field as well as movie and stage greats, is that the picture tube has no memory, and the faces and figures seen fleetingly on the screen cannot be recalled once the set is turned off. Not so the pictures on the following pages of some of the best entertainers in the business today. Caught in moments of revelation by artists with speedlight and celluloid, they remain forever, awaiting your pleasure to turn the page and meet them once again. *

JENNY LEE

William C. Thomas









LILY AVENS

Keith Bernard

BUBBLES DARLENE

F. Ray Kemp

CABARET

REV. 10/77



Zsa Zsa Gabor

© Arnold



BLANQUITA VALDEZ

Robert Bradford

DIANA DORS

C. Ripe







PATTI WAGGIN

George Sporn

FLORENCE ANNE

B. Bernard

HAITI'S

**grass hut
with
glamour**



STANDING in front of picturesque thatched shacks, tourists and native night clubbers are about to enter world's largest grass hut exhibit. Colonial hut has diameter of 60 feet.

**Famed Cabon Choucoune offers
spine-tingling voodoo rituals
amidst jungle grandeur of
hanging moss and pulsating drums**



GEORGES KENN (above), manager of fabulous Cabon, encourages guests to use circular stage area (right) for dancing during intervals between shows





PERFORMING before appreciative American guests, Pierre draws restrained version of "Belukha," ancient drum song. Hotel Chamber (in background) luxuriously contrasts with primitive Cabon structure. Guests will park gross money for evening's fun.

By Henry Durling

THE WOODOO LAND of Haiti is a country of contrasts. It is immediately apparent to the visitor as his plane wings its above grass shanties huddled next to spanking-new public housing units and swoops low over a gleaming highway shared by burnout-borne natives and sleek, black Cadillacs. The heady air of deep contrast extends furthest into the Haitian night life with the sublime and the ridiculous but a twenty-five cent bus ride apart.

However, the epitome of the Haiti's after-dark world, the apex where the opposite ends of the pole come together is in a grass shack—the biggest of its kind in the world. This is Cabon Chamber. Among the regular Cabon patrons are King Magloire and his lady, members of the diplomatic corps, visiting firemen, scores of tourists, and localites who are well aware of the wonders of the Cabon

Even the conception of the huge circular hut is in itself a combination of the new and the old, the ultra-luxurious and the very earthy. Designed by an engineer and architect who got his training at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology it is built of the oldest materials known to man. Huge, hand-hewn beams support the grass-plastered ceiling. Entrance is gained through a low, thatched vestibule. Spanish moss hangs from the rough-cut beams which support thick brush. A multitude of small yellow lights cast a glamorous, Adlonian aura over the whole interior.

Most of the guests at the Cabon are seated at tiny circular tables where they sample the wonders of the native rum drinks. In a flash it's showtime. The yellow glow disappears and is replaced by the only kind of darkness that can exist in a huge grass hut. A pin-point spotlight pierces the darkness and finds a tall, chic woman in a dramatic white evening dress.

"Tonight," she tells the glittering audience, "we would like to present for your enjoyment some of Haiti's folk dances, the Voodoo dances that were first brought here by the original slaves from Africa."

Then the throbbing drums take over and dominate the scene. They beat out a message that tells the story of a people, who were gay despite great oppression, who managed to nurture a carefree culture, that is centered on melodic sound.

The pulsating beat of the drums and the insistent clink of the orange accompany the traditional "Dance Bamba," which is performed by a youth in an extravagant white dress suit splashed with crimson. His partner is a beautiful young barefoot girl. In the sym-belic dance, she is paid a visit by death—in the form of Bamba. She tells him with her vibrant, meaningless twirls and dips to come another time.



VAULTING in air, Bamba (death) pays visit to barefoot beauty. Audience in raptures during act but throbbing folk dance ends happily as girl (right) tells Bamba to come another time.



SLOW MOTION Man dances a intricate, authentic voodoo ritual of love in which each movement has significant meaning. Taken in one of few island cabarets which have not sacrificed voodoo traditions by injecting modern choreographical features into floor shows.

DANCERS (left) perform harvest dance while island's top drummer Tirore (right) drums out jungle beat.





DANCE RECITALS at Cabon are more than floorshows, take form of social events which draw mixed throngs of local bigtops, cruise boat tourists to crowd perimeter of huge circular dance floor as Voodoo dances are performed by brightly-costumed dancer troupes.



RUSTIC DECOR of Cabon contrasts with chic clothes of patrons, but invariably charms first-time visitors to gaze late nightclubs.

dips to come some other time.

All the native dances are colorful and thrash to the beat of the deep, vibrant drum sounds. This is especially true of the dance that pays honor to the big, booming Anaster drum which is reserved for special rituals and dances. The dance reaches its climax when four lime backs spring high from the Cabon floor and, one-by-one, beat the huge eight-foot drum, evoking a booming response that reverberates throughout the huge hut like a triple canon shot in billiards. This ritual is usually the climax of the Cabon show and as the throbbing beat slowly dies away, the yellow lights appear again and it is dance time for the customers.

In Haiti, where the unexpected is expected and where the ordinary is shunned in preference to the extraordinary, it is no wonder that a girl from Brooklyn presides over the show at the Cabon which is 100 per cent native Haitian. The girl is Lavinia Williams, a one-time member of Katherine Dunham's famous dance troupe. Lavinia is charged with the responsibility of revitalizing and preserving Voodoo dances as an important part of the Haitian folklore. She has charge of the national dance troupe which performs at the Cabon.

The Cabon has been in existence since 1940, though some of the early visitors would not recognize it now. It has been rebuilt three times, most recently when fire damaged a part of it. It (Continued on page 57)



"I regret to say, Madame, that our credit department must draw the line somewhere."

evelyn west:



why strippers should stay single

One of peccadim's top exotics reveals how stripper's career can put marriage on rocks and vice versa, says strippers should wait until retirement for romance.

By Evelyn West

(In the April issue of CABARET, stripper Rita Grable gave her version of why strippers make better wives than girls outside the entertainment field. She said the take-it-off gals were more understanding and tolerant. Now Evelyn West, herself a famed peeler, takes over to take the other side of the question.)

A STRIPTSEASER who marries a spouse at the beginning or at the height of her career is a little like the sword swallower who comes to work with a sore throat. his job isn't going to be as tasty as usual, and in time the audience will catch on to the fact.

Last month Rita Grable had some things to say in *Cabaret* about strippers as wives. She seemed to believe that dancers make wonderful candidates for the MRS. degree—even more so than girls who prepare for no business other than marriage from the time they learn to talk—and she backed up this belief with what she must have imagined were perfect reasons. that peelers know more about how to keep a man happy in the hayloft than non-peelers do; that they get so much love from the applause of men in the audience that they don't require nearly so much from a husband and so on,



DISPLAYING PERSONALITY and good looks which have brought her fabulous success in striptease profession, Evelyn West explains these professional assets can become matrimonial liabilities. She says even understanding hubby might find it hard to accept intimate correspondence and expensive presents received by spy -spies, not to mention male fans devoted to her on stage.



Now all this sounds as if it ought to hold water, and I'm not going to quarrel with most of her arguments. Especially the obvious one that if a divorcée's dexterity in the ancient art of lovenship can't keep a hubby from developing a roving eye, nothing can.

Sex is our business, and we certainly ought to know what we're wiggling about.

But I take plenty of issue with her or anyone else in the strip-tearoom who say that a gal who makes a living by moving her better parts for the purpose of exciting men can also make a 100% score as a wife. Sure, it's possible. It's also possible to brush your teeth with Dutch Cleanser.



FROGLICKING IN WATER is favorite outdoor activity of aftertaxi Erbey. Pretty exoner has wit as sharp as her wiggle, coming up opinion on marriage with humorous baroque slogan, "It's better to keep a million men happy than to keep one man worried."



SMILING COQUETTISHLY heads selected telephons, Evelyn reclines on lavish, cushioned bed. Before her phone became tap secret info, stripper received many calls from strangers requesting favors that ranged from one of her autographs to her hand in marriage

Speaking for myself, I've had the urge to make with the vine covered cottage and rose petals lot. But I've always had sense enough to get under the covers and rest until the urge passed over. A few times I've even been as close to the altar as a priest as to a bump. But there, too, I've chickened out before the minister preached the fatal monologue.

Don't get the idea I'm coming out against wedding bells—even for castles. I'm only saying that if I'd gone through with it at a time when I was (as I am now) enjoying a bigger income than any bank president, as well as having more night and day fun than Mr. Ideal could offer me in a knot-tying arrangement, I'd be a likely prospect for a strajacket.

The biggest argument against marriage for a stripper is that all the strikes (Continued on page 53)



SHOWING FURS (right) bought with dancing pay and posing (above) in home. Evelyn bolsters her arguments



THE WORLD'S BIGGEST NIGHT CLUB



EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR views of Sunley Blinstrub's "Village" illustrate mammoth size of unique entry. Lush main dining room includes two curving, glass staircases from which 12 curvy showgirls descend. Sky-rocket refers hundreds of waiting stars.

With an army of 200 serving 2,000 nightly, Blinstrub's 65,000 square feet is Boston's claim to cabaret fame.

By Arch Ayres

ON MARCH 17, 1776, George Washington's troops trained their cannons on a section of South Boston where the British were heavily entrenched, opened fire, and blasted the Redcoats from their position to win the battle. Today, the site of the English encampment is occupied by another kind of embattled army of campaigners, sighted in on by thousands of entertainment seekers weekly, and grimly holding out against the onslaught of television, movies and all the other forces attacking the night life world.

If size counts in the battle for night life survival, this hardy institution is a cinch to win, for it is the world's largest night club, Sunley Blinstrub's "Village,"



LEGS OF LAMBS, kicked nighly, belong to George Mouro-Landis dancers. Featured stars are of Danzane, Coen, Pinesse editors.



THOUSANDS OF TABLES crowded huge stage in expensive dining room. Encircled by balconies and lighted landscape paintings, Village proper consists with elegant cocktail lounge and separate restaurant. Meals are moderately priced, in spite of costly star-studded shows.



CHECKING LIQUOR AND FOOD, Blumstein keeps close tabs on fast-moving stock of giant enterprise. Chef, Morris Ballou and George Swain, run huge kitchen, but often oversee operations

a five-story edifice that may lure as many as 2,000 Boston night life lovers to take the \$1.50 taxi ride from the Hub City's famed Common to enjoy such delights as only can be offered by the big, the beautiful, and the volume-priced operation that is Blumstein's specialty.

Replacing the British bombs and rockets, the fireworks at Blumstein's these days are generated by such top entertainment personalities as Marguerite Piazza, Eddie Fisher, Teresa Brewer, Lena Horne, Patti Page, Frankie Laine, Guy Lombardo, Tony Martin and Jimmy Durante, supported by ten shapely dancers imported from the Morro-Landis agency in Las Vegas, and a top musical combo.

Approaching the club, the visitor first catches sight of the facade, painted to simulate stone and graced with European lattice windows, plus a rainbow of color in neon and pigment that makes the whole place stand out like a redhead in a crowd of brunettes. Once inside, the visitor finds himself in what appears to be the giant courtyard of a sprawling Belgian village. Balconies circle the great room, tray roofs and windows simulating the skyline around the edge. From the ceiling, hundreds of artificial stars twinkle down while paintings and shadow boxes along the wall glow softly with their own illumination. (Continued on page 58)



IN DRESSING ROOM 18
top: Las Vegas ballet
dancers prepare for spec-
tacular 90 minute gaily
revue. Like capsule on-
chassis leader, Michael
Gayford, girls are perma-
nent part of Village shows.





dolores del raye

(Continued from page 35)

gentleman sitting at a tripartite table kept making wisecracks about the size of a certain part of my anatomy. It was surprising, of course, but I tried not to pay any attention to him. During my number act for the late show, however, this guy made a very audible remark that was downright vulgar and it made me feel aside.

"I gave him a dirty look but he just sat there with a fat cigar in his hand waving with laughter. The only thing I could think of was how much I'd like to make him stop laughing. The next thing I knew I had knocked the cigar from his hand with my whip. The fellow let out a yell and jumped out of his chair, spilling his drink all over himself. The audience guffawed and I continued my act as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened.

"After the show I apologized to the owner of the club for my conduct. He smiled and said, 'Why, I thought that was part of your act!'

Needless to say, the fratrow boys were completely subdued for the rest of her engagement.

Dolores doesn't say, these days, how she handled her lookers and over-crowded fans before she discovered the virtues of that bull whip, but she has no hesitation about her policy now.

"I don't mind occasional wisecracks but there's absolutely no chance for someone thinking it is all right to make an obscene remark just because a girl's a stripper," says Dolores. "And if a fellow over makes a real nasty crack to me, I give him a good scare

with my bull whip."

The conscious rule learned the wisdom of always carrying the caudine article in a suite into the—for her—latter-day exploited West. An engagement at Larry Patton's famed Sapper Club in Hollywood.

Dolores was in town only a few days when an enterprising publicity man whisked her off to Tijuana, Mexico, for an annual—but appropriate for Dolores—publicity stunt. After a short plane ride, Dolores found herself inside a building with intentions to assume the role of a real matador. Dolores confessed later that she felt asked at the time, although she didn't have her trusty bull whip with her. Her only means of defense against a nonconformist bull turned out to be a red G-string a prop supplied for picture purposes in lieu of the traditional cape.

While flash bulbs popped, Dolores had a chance to really exercise her dancing ability as she bull that had been selected to participate in the publicity gimmick showed definite signs of wanting to get to know the pretty girl waving the red G-string beam.

Dolores' reputation as the stripper who frightens men really gained respect after her New York hotel adventure. Like most strippers, she is confident with the occasional round brand of keeping herself a highly desirable female in the eyes of men and, at the same time, keeping at bay the wolves who are not content with simply viewing her charms. Strippers use various techniques for this sort of thing and Dolores can claim one of the most novel, namely, her whip.

While she was appearing at a club in New York a professional gambler who shall remain anonymous used to drop in every night and sit enthralled as Dolores executed her beautiful body with studied precision. Upon entering to her dressing room, the would find baskets of fruit awaiting her with a note from her admirer requesting her company.

Some girls might have jumped at the chance to be squawed by such a well-to-do but Dolores considered him vulgar and, besides, she prefers fresh vegetables to fresh fruit. The guy, however, was obviously used to getting what he wanted. For a week he kept diligently deluging Dolores with baskets of fruit and she just as diligently kept avoiding him.

Then one night as Dolores was preparing for bed in her hotel room, there came a knock on the door. She opened it to a crack to see who it was and in barged the composed least peedder.

"He said he had a water watch for me and held out a small, neatly wrapped package," says Dolores. "I told him in no uncertain terms that I didn't want his present and that I wanted him to leave immediately and never bother me again. He insisted that I take the watch so I took it and threw it out the window just to show him I meant what I said."

"He started moving toward me with a wild gleam in his eyes. Suddenly, he lunged and tried to grab me. I jumped back and ran to the other side of the room. He bent over a waste and by the look on his face I knew he wasn't kidding. Then he started to run toward me. I ran around the dress and he kept chasing me. I was frantic with fear. Then it dawned on me that I had my bull whip so close. I rushed over to the closet, grabbed the whip, and whirled around

to face him.

"When he saw the whip his eyes popped and he stopped short. As he started to back away I pulled at him. You going to touch me to mind your own business?" Just as he turned to take cover, I lashed out with the whip and caught him right on the seat of his pants. He let out a shriek like he had been mortally wounded and dashed for the door.

"I ran after him and chased him down the hall cracking my whip and bellowing 'Meeow, meow.' The elevator had just stopped at the door and he rushed into it.

"By this time, people had come out of their rooms to see what the commotion was all about. They must have thought I was crazy. There I was standing in the hall in my nightgown with a bull whip raised in my hand. When I realized the spectacle I was making of myself, I ran back to my room and slammed the door.

"A little later the manager of the hotel called me on the phone and wanted to know what had happened. When I told him, he suggested calling the police and having the fellow arrested. But I figured the fellow had learned his lesson and decided against it. And would you believe it? That very same fellow kept coming to the club to watch my act, but he never came any more from and he always kept a good distance away from me—and my whip."

Dolores was born in Washington, D. C., in 1935. After attending Anacostia High School in Washington, she took a job in a bank as a cash register operator. At a party one night she met a theatrical agent. The next day the agent called her at the bank and asked her to drop over and see him where she had a chance.

"I thought maybe he wanted me to be a singer," Dolores recalls. "As I had sung at the party where we met. But when I went over to see him he said he wanted me to be a stripper. I said no thanks and started for the door. But when he mentioned how much money I could make stripping and when I thought of the guffaws I was making at the bank, I reconsidered his proposition and finally said okay. I'm certainly not sorry about that decision now. I probably made more money in my first year as a stripper than I would have made in ten years working at that bank."

Dolores made her debut as a stripper at the age of 19 at Murry's Show Bar in Baltimore. She had taken a few ball lessons as a youngster and a course in modern dancing in high school, and this training aided her greatly in making the transition from cash register operator to stripper.

"I got my training in the art of strip dancing at Murry's," says Dolores. "I started out with a three-month contract, and I stayed there for a year and a half."

Dolores took a three-month rest after her first hectic encounter with the entertainment world. During this period she almost decided to check stripping and return to bookkeeping. Fortunately for club owners, devotees of the strip dance and Dolores' bank account, however, she didn't go through with it and returned to the peeing profession.

Six months later the girl with the 32-21-32 dimensions went to Florida for a vacation and met with misfortune. While running to answer the telephone one day, she tripped, crashed onto some furniture, and broke her

arm. The accident abruptly ended her sojourn in Florida and she returned home to Washington to have her arm treated.

"The doctor told me I would never have the movement of my arm again," she says, "but I told him that I would heal and that I would work again."

As it turned out, Dolores' prognosis came true. She was back on the job one month after the doctor operated on her arm.

"I had to show my numbers down," she says, "and this really helped my act. I had to be more concise and this added more class to me. And I didn't have to work so hard."

A corpse was waiting for her when she arrived at the Canal Room, a club on the outskirts of Washington, where her arm had healed. A number of Washington doctors who had heard about her arm operation were in attendance and stood up and up played her when she performed.

"It was the biggest thrill of my life," Dolores says. "I had never agitated people so much as I did that memorable night."

Strippers, by and large, are usually seen as engaged in either lateral tension, gaudy gals or conventional circumstances. The latter school of strippers, in which Dolores belongs, believes in presenting sex sensually by combining striptease dancing with a very strong act.

As Dolores puts it, "I never lean toward vulgarity in my striptease routines. People who patronize supper clubs, where I most frequently appear, want to see sex presented with sophistication and dignity and prefer acts which leave something to their imaginations. They don't want to see 'hot workers' who expose private parts and perform lewd conventions. This type of act doubtless makes a big hit at bars and nightclub dives, but certainly not at supper clubs."

"My ladies always tell me, 'Whatever you do always be a lady' and I've done my best to follow her advice. Some men seem to think they can take more liberties with showgirls but, except for me and two instances, my experience has been that men will always be gentlemen as long as you're a lady."

The knowing eye, for her two supper has never had any trouble with creeps or law enforcement officials over her act. However, some night club owners have accused her of performing in the nude. But Dolores is quick to point out that these accusations have had no real basis in fact.

"I wear a lot of still black nude," she says smugly. "You see I show your flesh colored or transparent patches and bra in my act."

Like all strippers, Dolores is constantly subjected to flattery by male admirers. The ecology that stands out most vividly in her mind was the comment made by Gene Sella, co-owner of the Board View Hotel in Midland, Conn., after seeing her act in the hotel's Emerald Room. He told Dolores: "You months from now, Midland will have a bigger population because of your act."

Dolores isn't married, but shrugs off suggestions that possibly her reputation as the most sought-after stripper was responsible for her still single status. She says: "When I'm ready to get married I think I'll be able to get someone to marry me. And if I can't . . . well, I can always rely on my ball shop to find me a man into marriage!" *



Jerry Lewis

(Continued from page 8)

some matters on the part of oldsmans that the act could stand improvement.

The few decades that remained were missed during a fabulous run in the first days of 1967 in Chicago's famed Club Pans, where Lewis performed a first almost unknown of in the annals of show business in the Windy City—he billed the "New Year's Day Curse" for the club. On what is traditionally the worst night in the year for cabaret business—the night of New Year's Day—he filled the house with 1,800 diners, and lined them up for almost an hour in better cold and driving rain, that descended on the city that night.

What they saw was a show built on pure stage presence and Jerry's comical skill as a performer—one who is an acknowledged master of the act.

Since shown in his Palace engagement, and his TV appearances, this involves such ready hits as meeting members of the audience to sing a popular tune to the playing of the orchestra. Instead of encouraging the amateur singers, and playing up the human interest story of this interlude, Jerry carefully loosens and heckles his "guests"—but in an offensive way that only the little bit of show business can do it.

"Hurry up, you're getting on it," he tells one bathroom barman. To another he calls, "You were right. You can't sing. As a matter of fact, that was funny." To a heavy bar, he calls, "What have you been drinking, the cokes?" Skirting the thin edge of insult, he manages to carry the whole thing off without offense to anyone.

The rest of the act is a fantastic mélange of Jerry's many intrusions into the efforts of his singing and dancing folk, plus some startling revelations of his more serious show-biz accomplishments. He sings, hardly a powerhouse for voice quality, into a single rating for that formidable something show people call "heart," and his dancing—when he isn't playing the lead faked role—is that of a practiced master of the art.

All of this is hardly surprising to those who remember that he is the offspring of a long-time family of showmen, and made his stage debut at the tender age of five, in his parents' variety act. But to those who retain the image of him as the god of the Marx-Lewis combo, it is a revelation, with results that rival the vision needed by any cabaret performer.

Backstage, where he presides over a dressing room that is a combination of riot and

absolute order, Jerry confides that he is just beginning to get used to the feel of his new act.

"It's beginning to fit now," he says. "And a good fit is very important, is everything from a pair of shoes to a night club act."

One of his biggest hits during the show comes when he jumps into his sold version of "Backlash." It is as if the crowd has already begun to associate this old favorite with him, for they break into spontaneous applause, as the first bars sound, and also word rock the room with their enthusiasm.

"That's the big kick," says Jerry. "When I start the song, it's thrilling."

Such conversation is conducted between the debauchery of a seemingly endless stream of smokers, lubricators, well-wishers and hang-overs who flow through the Leona dressing room without pause.

"I can't stand most of the time to be alone," says Jerry. "So I like to have lots of people around." This he does. At the same time, among all the confusion of the coming and going, an air of absolute precision often permeates the physical layout of the room. Lewis is probably the nearest man to show business, and while his dressing room may consistently be cluttered with people, it is never so cluttered with anything else, for his peace of mind. All the arrangements must be in proper order, with his mail in one box, shoes in another, shirts ranged along the wall hooks ready for use, and completely draped without tangles and knots, and makeup neatly stored in just all properly capped and ranged according to use.

Lewis recently interrupted a chat with a friend to come to the assistance of his dresser, who had a button missing from his shirt, asked someone to go out for a new one.

"Hold it," called Jerry. "I've got one right here." And with much joking about his price as a dresser, and good natured banter over his dresser's hamper-popping prohibitions, he proceeded to expertly and swiftly replace the missing bit of bone. To a remark that it was a rare man who was careful enough to carry such an emergency kit with him, Jerry replied with a characteristic comment:

"Carey one of those? Never, I always have two," and he opened the dresser door which the kit had come, and revealed another, identical with the first. "Just in case I lose one," said Jerry.

A veteran trouper, Jerry has been known to fill his hotel suite with cots when accommodations were slow in coming through for the other members of his troupe. "The only trouble when that happens," he says, "is that when I want to take a shower in the morning, there are seven guys ahead of me."

He involves himself freely in the lives of his co-workers, presiding freely from his experience for anything from sniffs or beatings to heartache and sorrow.

Although he's reluctant to talk about it extensively, it's known that he lived a lonely childhood, full of sorrow as the son of a show business couple, and was also sickly. He attributes much of his drive to these early experiences, and reports he feels have left him with a real and urgent need to feel wanted, successful and secure. Sometimes even the work, work, work formula fails, and deep depression sets in. But most of the time, he is able to face down his feelings—check, he

death, have been fading since he became a single—by an endless round before the footlights, or working on one of his many projects.

This burning desire to keep before the footlights manifested itself many ways in the latter years of the partnership. There were numerous times when Jerry claimed for more appearances and Dean held out for fewer.

"Two years ago, I woke up and realized that I was 28," Jerry says quizzically, "there was no time to waste. I felt that we were not developing the way we should. It's like watching a baby of yours dwindle away and die. For instance, for 28 years it was my dream to play the Palace in New York. I must have asked Dean a 100,000 times to play the Palace. He only thought it was crazy and he did not like it 40 cents."

Needless to say, Jerry Lewis, the single, has achieved his lifetime ambition about appearing at the Palace, along with night club appearances, television spectacles, benefit performances, and the works. "I love to work," he adds.

Jerry has a secret weapon that he counts on immediately in his new and free entertainment life—his family. Wife Patti and the three boys are an integral part of the Lewis road show. The master plans calls for them to join him on the night club circuit when ever school permits. Jerry is a strict parent who demands respect above everything else from his children. "They can steal just so

long as they are not disrespectful," he says. When one interviewer recently asked the 40-year-old Jerry whether his kids called him dad, he replied, "What do you think they call me, mom?"

There is that humor with the sweet tongue as cheek dance in practically everything Jerry does or says. In telling of his courtship, he says, "I met Patti on Aug. 18, 1946. On the 22nd, I asked her to marry me. I don't fool around. She thought that I was nuts. I worked very hard and I told her that I would be at the Cloc in 1957 making a lot of money, well something like that anyway. She's a real fan and a real gal."

As to the three boys, whose ages range from 12 to one, "you couldn't find a happier bunch of chaps," according to Jerry. He dismisses all the pitfalls of traveling from one hotel to another with the kids by saying, "They love to be wherever daddy is."

If Jerry has any deep down awe in this world, it is in watching his head off at all times. He is a warlike when he talks of other entertainers who choose to take it easy some of the time. "I'd like to straighten out some of these people. They want to stay in the business or get out."

For Jerry, the future is filled to the brim with work, movies, television, records, night clubs, and benefit performances. "I don't think I can ever stop, unless the people ask me to. I'll probably die on the stage. It certainly won't be in some old actor's house. *

and would not spread beyond the 14th St. Bohemian if left alone.

The height of the Depression saw two clubs opening, many of them incorporating drugs into the act, but attempting to broaden beyond drugs. The best known all-around rowdy spot of that era was The Rascally Club on 7th Avenue. Remembered as having produced some of the bluest four shows since the days of the Romans, the Rascally also gave you plenty for your money—including a heavy roughneck named El S. Pulley ("Don't mistake me for stand for Rascally Show"). With his stunts, a sharp-tongued man named Gump Pulley had an animal act, the spooks sophisticated, and the upper club sometimes poured into the Rascally, only too glad to pick up the stiff checks in order to keep Pulley and Gump near their dirty work.

Pulley, who since has turned respectable by virtue of having appeared in "Gone with the Wind," had more sense than the Rascally roughneck and worked it into a success for himself and the club by selling out obscenity that pleased the widest patrons. He referred to himself as the only act in show business with a lockout.

Partly because of police crackdowns, but mostly because the majority of tourism simply vanished over the years, the over-sold middle decade of Greenwich Village night life gradually petered out, and can be seen today only in isolated spots: what are left, for the most part, are scores of narrow, some foot wide, some cut and cut clipper—what are neither top grade in the Holly wood sense of the word, or even in the sea spray sense of the word. But new scenes keep opening, trying hard to be both.

"Club" clubs—meaning spots where customers wear evening dress and pay high tariffs to sip champagne and watch frenzied ballroom dances—rarely made the grade in any time here, obviously because people out on the town usually thought of the Village as Off Broadway.

The Village Vanguard, a cozy, soft-edged club which introduced a large share of current show business notables, is still around and doing well but, like One Fifth Avenue and Ben Sira, it is an "uptown" money which only happens to be located downtown. Cafe Society, which also brought a batch of unknown comics, singers and dancers to its stage and turned them into headliners, has the better part of its show sale to money, and last year staged a policy of none except the attractive surroundings, with none of the snaky, baroque bar trappings. It has played Evelyn West, Lily Chutney, Sherry Bruns and Wanda Gaster in good local advantage.

Today, along with these cabaret landmarks, there are three major go-to centers in Greenwich Village: (1) jazz (2) "drag"—of a more production-conscious quality than in the past, and (3) strips.

Upper Manhattan has more parks which the devoted ball won't miss—Barclay's is on Broadway, Jimmy Ryan's is at 52nd St., and The Endless is on E. 54th—but the Village, in putting on two gay spots fairly close together, has become New York's gay center.

The most famous, and most respected by aficionados, is Eddie Corcoran's at 7th Avenue and 20th Street (a used to be the site for the Rascally Club). A good deal more free



greenwich village

(Continued from page 21)

this product rushed to make his show equal for "laughter" in the casual description went them a mile and a lot more during his comedian's screen career.

Minsky was spent lavishly on costumes and costumes and for a time seemed impossible to pass a Village club that didn't feature drag. Male mimics of women were especially preposterous, likely looking men customers from the stage, to the point where the customer's wife or girl friend would insist on leaving. Degenerates dressed in thousand dollar gowns ruled the Village night life most for a long period of time—a circum-

stance which couldn't have been the case if comedian, thrill writers hadn't supported their shenanigans by paying the enormous tabs.

As a less expensive adjunct to such exhibitions, the male strippers were jammed with hairs which coated endevorously to Bohemian, homosexuals, and to "strutgers" who, after a few money-munching kids of bad house, wanted to be introduced to the 2nd sex calls for at least an evening. Police were ubiquitous, the attitude appeared to be that such fun and games were necessary evils among the Bohemian set

wheeling in musical style than all the other spots in the area, Gonzo's plays Chicago style, a happy burlesque of Broadway Nick's, across the street, plays a Broadway more authentically, a little closer to the vest. The Club Bohemia on Barrow Street affords strictly modern jazz, and the new Pad (where the old Star Club once stood) is open on week ends with even more modern, experimental jazz than the Bohemia. Of the dozen or so modern music shops downtown, these four are considered the first most.

Although drag shows still remain something close to a major industry in the Village, they've made a giant stride in operation from the 30's when a gaggle-eyed tourist was in danger of having his carna ripped from him then and there if he so much as glanced at the strange creature standing next to him at the bar.

These nights, clubs such as Moroccan Village, The El Club, and Page 3 (all easily accessible) which specialize in offering top gender performers are becoming almost Ziegfeldian in approach. Their shows are enormously produced and in no way do they encourage or cater to sexual delinquency or emotional riffraff, as such. The El, for instance, which blends gorgeously stacked showgirls in with lounge impersonators, presents full-force musical comedy and spends from \$75,000-\$100,000 on wardrobe alone for each new show.

The dozens of semi-dressed strippers will find that business is flourishing in the Village 7 nights a week, usually from 10 P.M. on. There are about eleven pool parlors, most of them in the vicinity of 1st Street.

Our strippers differ almost not at all from the strippers west to us in shape and wares. The clubs are small and intimate, less at the bar costs about \$1, the average table minimum is \$4.50, and M.C.'s with unobtainable gags are sandwiched in between as raucous stream of discharges in a policy of continuous entertainment. But the street is really is worth a visit for those interested in vestiges of another day's neighborhood.

Stripping as a night life enterprise is fairly new in Greenwich Village. It began ten years ago when the bar became more and more obvious that a fortune was being made hand over G-string up on 52nd Street, and why shouldn't the village clubs, which were keeping along with floor shows that featured ancient tap dances and whistled contraltos, try for some of that trade?

They did, with success. The Paradise played Georgia Sothern, and other spots opened with names of their own. Elaine's 1 Reg. Circus offered good musicians along with the strip tarts, and Club Savoyard hit the jackpot with Negro peckers who, unlike the bourgeois location to be seen elsewhere, stepped back and forth. Representative of the strip shows currently are Tony Pastor's and The Heat Wave, where Pepper Powell, Haze Warr, Carme Fennell, Lily Lazzari and Lynn O'Neill are usually on hand. What prevents the largest incentive to touring the Village's grand and bumpy circuit is that at least three top names in the understudy society can be seen somewhere on the street on the same night.

Twenty years ago Greenwich Village was snags started at a little before midnight and ended somewhere between seven and nine the next morning. Night life delivered what it promised, the money was free flowing and

patrons didn't know the meaning of salaries or inhibitions. Ready goes like Maxwell Baletchorn roomed in a hide-drenched hotel called Gonzothen Museum on rent to no rent at all. Gangsters drilling one another made up many a clubber's late released floor show. Genuis of liquor were drunk and nobody had a hangover because everybody's liver was in jim dandy condition in Greenwich Village in the 30's and everybody was always going to be 21 years old.

Remnants of the wild weeks life are still in evidence, and you can still have a night's fun for ten dollars there. But knowers who remember the Village of its most untamed early agree that its atmosphere of fun has lost a lot of prestige.

✱



evelyn west

(Continued from page 45)

are against its being able to last. One of the top names in the business has walked up the middle aisle five times, at the last count she's out when we call an odd ball. She's never had the kind of publicity that showed her gambling other women's husbands and driving them to roadside motels. She apparently thinks that the sea of matrimony is the greatest thing in the world, and she wouldn't have made the trip so often, but she couldn't make it work.

She'll probably try it again. I hope the next one takes her I have my doubts. The chances of success are about as good as the chances of having carfare home after a night at the Las Vegas tables.

Here are a few reasons why:

(1) Because a girl takes her clothes off for a living, the most understanding husband is going to start ranting the way his link their lips when his moves exposes her charms to them. A married man expects having his side admired by other men, but usually for her pretty face, her intelligence and her sense of humor.

(2) Even what he tries to tell her—and himself—he rarely wants the admiration to include her adored body. Maybe he's got a point, too a wife's nakedness ought to be the most important source of privacy in a marriage.

(3) The most sophisticated husband on earth is bound to start scratching his head in time when his stripping wife receives telegrams, roses, perfume, intimate lingerie, diamond wrist watches and neckties from

some of the adoring boys. The women who send such neckties and diamonds should naturally see her psychiatrist the first thing in the morning. But, just as naturally, her husband isn't going to be able to fully accept with ease the single explanation, "It's just part of the life. Why, if I thought for a second that the man who sent me this emerald and mask stole and all these black, silk, transparent negligees expected any thing in return, you know I'd never see a million years stand for it, don't you?"

Although there is absolutely no proof that she's doing anything to merit the gifts besides pleasing some well-to-do guy with her performance on the stage, her husband would be a prize clump if he didn't at least play with someone's ideas. And as you come up with a better cause for trouble than the entrance of the green-eyed monster?

(3) If a stripper has the publicity, the body, the breaks and the loans, she can make up to \$5000 a week just by showing her best to willing spectators. Nobody will deny that, this can pay off the mortgage on the old homestead and keep everybody in the world happy—except, possibly, the hubby who just can't compete.

I'll give in a little and admit that at the accepts a ring from Gottlieb J. Moneybags from Lootheville, a happier ending is a lot more possible. But how many men can that kind of money? Understand, I'm not putting the gold-digging stamp on strippers. Many of them, and probably too many of them, marry men whose earnings are small. I'm not suggesting that this is either right or wrong, good or bad, but it happens. A fellow who sees his earnings but also as a gritty ring is on his way to feeling inferior to his lands. And what good can come out of a marriage in which a man feels no bigger than his wife's G-string?

Although I firmly believe that men are the most exciting, and, beyond a doubt, the last invention in the history of the world, and I wouldn't want them changed for anything, I have one small complaint. They are not nearly so headstrong as they pretend to be. The more flexible, forgiving and tolerant they talk, the more old lady-like they are when the chips are down and they're expected to show their true colors in the mating time whenever they love them.

When they say, "I realize it's your business as an actor to smile at the fans when they pass you on the street or when they see you in restaurants," they are really saying, "You've already told me that I'm your guy. If you're not crazy about me, then why don't you say so?"

When they say, "It doesn't matter at all to me that you make so much more dough than I do. After all, you deserve every penny of it," they're really saying inside with something like, "At my last, I never held hand in more than \$5000 class a year, let alone a week."

Maybe all this sounds as though I think there's just no such thing as the right one for a stripper, or that I'm overly concerned about what gets in to making a good mate. Actually, like every girl, I want love and to be loved. I'm not throwing stones at vice covered scoundrels. The marriage view is as important to a dancer as to a schoolmaster. All I'm suggesting is that the girl who gets a hefty paycheck be getting down to the bare essentials shouldn't fly to the preacher,

because she'll have a tough time finding Mr. Right to fly there with her.

By now you may have grasped one of my points (figuratively speaking, of course): that a good husband is hard to find—a good husband being a man who can once a living, who can keep most of his wife about him as he watches other men watching his wife take her clothes off, and who can be mean enough to agree to take several lifetimes to his wife's fame. Along with everything else, he'd probably have to be a combination musician, chauffeur, errand boy, alarm clock, and all-around owner of the best sense of humor in town. He'd need the best, most of all, to put up with the usually funny, always-on-the-go life a strip star leads.

Surveys pop up from time to time prove that the average American girl, unless she has a pretty face, good figure and/or comes complete with a bulging bank account, always has to face the hassle of tracking down a man who will stop long enough to marry her. Every one of these surveys adds that a girl in show business, especially my kind of show business, never has to worry about where her next meal is coming from. Proposals appear almost every hour on the hour, some of them proposals of marriage. A stripper has been called many things, but she's never been called a lass who needs to go man hungry.

Now, one of the most popular parts car stories goes that peacocks prefer to stay unmated because single blessedness gives them more room in which to keep from had to bed with any virile-looking men who crosses their path. I don't doubt that to some extent this is true; being a part of the business of sex all day long, most strippers do get extra exotic because they gradually get the hint that what they're selling on stage might be too to share for real, off stage. But, unless I'm the sort of fussy girl who's far too nervous in the anatomy. Strippers enjoy their life just like everyone else, but they're just a little more aware of the facts of life as everyone else, too.

The question for how can a stripper, who does more traveling than all the Secretaries of State put together, meet and get to know one man long enough to use him up as a possible husband? He'll all ready for the double ring ceremony, sure, but what about her? Unless she can judge with an eighth sense that he's all the perfect things listed above, when is she going to find the time to know him well enough to conduct even a serious love affair, let alone a marriage?

(And I have the answer to this question, I'll stand by the familiar rule: It's better to keep a million men happy than to keep one man worried. *



rosemary clooney

(Continued from page 25)

her favorite sides. White added weight in front of the camera, they told her.

"But I feel better and I think I was better when I was white," Rose protested.

She showed up in white. Everyone shook heads and took odds that she would flunk out. One studio executive who comments that Rose presided a "star-spangled Christmas angel," remembers that her singing was so good that the production people forgot the play she looked.

It's an old Clooney trick, making people forget anything but that she is singing. A night club owner in Reno once reported that he never wanted her to re-appear at his club.

"I lost money," he explained. "While she's singing, no one plays the gaming machines."

Even though Rose likes to do things her way, she's willing to listen. She listened to Dietrich more than once. While she was making her second movie, "Red Garters," Dietrich came on the set and noticed that Clooney was shuffling her assembly, writing painfully for cars. Marlene took her for a walk, gave her some sound advice based on good experience and ran over the scene with her once or twice. Rose listened and did the scene admirably.

"She has a smoky quality," Dietrich says. "Smoky means, easy, effortless, but still full of life."

Of Marlene, Rose comments: "A remarkable woman. She's been wonderfully kind to me. She's interested in all I do—personally or in business."

This widespread admiration notwithstanding, Clooney, often billed as the "wholesome" type, is well aware that she will never rate as a Dietrich, she comments. "With what I've got to work with, as a female lute, I'm dead."

Rose got a brutally frank lesson in appreciating her own physical assets realistically when she was a youngster and sought an audition for a Bob Hope show. A representative of Hope—his brother, Jack, in fact—was in Greenwich to select pretty girls who could sing and wished to compete for a chance to appear with the famed comedian. Betty and Rose were doing a stage act. But since only one winner would be selected, they decided to split up and enter the contest. Rose auditioned Jack Hope in an office building and explained "My sister and I have always sung together. But, for your contest, we wondered if we could audition separately."

Jack Hope took one appraising look at Rose and rapped out: "You'll get a lot further in a contest act than you will alone."

Yet, today, Bob Hope with whom Rose has worked several times (she didn't even bother making the Greenmist audition) praises her as "a great girl, fresh as a daisy." Hope says Rose's got that "sassy and water look" and that he's enjoyed working with her.

When she first hit Hollywood, a place where the ability to blow your own trumpet counts heavily, Rose seemingly had a complex about her physical attributes. When interviewers asked her if she considered herself glamorous, she'd reply: "Oh, no. Not very." That, she's discovered, was a mistake.

"I'm using different tactics now," she quips. "If anyone says 'you're a doll, he golly, I agree with them.'"

When she first met the Old Greenmist—a reaffirmation of a long awaited dream for her—Miss Clooney fuffed her lines like a milk amateur. Rose was working on the Paramount lot and spent days manhandling to "run into" her job. The great adventure unfolded when she and a friend met Bing, riding a bicycle. The friend introduced them and Rose promptly went to press. She virtually lost her breath, approached collapse, when Crosby greeted her with "Hi; Glad to see you. Like the way you sing."

To Bing's questions, Rose gave stilted, halting answers, generally presented a picture of utter confusion. She felt like she was being "introduced to an institution."

The institution finally rode off on his bicycle.

"He looked back over his shoulder," Rose giggles. "I could just hear him thinking—'sassy.'"

The embarrassing episode got Clooney tightniggers for several days. But when she encountered Crosby again, she was in command of her faculties and determined to correct the first impression.

"I want to explain to you what happened the other day," she began, without any preliminaries. "I'm not a neophyte! I was perfectly thrilled at meeting you—that's all I hope you understand and I hope to see you around sometime."

Then she fled. Crosby grinned and has been her close friend ever since.

What Rose lacks in the sex appeal department is more than made up for by what she has been called her "homework charm," tremendous ability and her utterness. The latter quality counts to light in her work as movies even more than it does in her performances in front of a male.

Director Norman Taurog speaks for most of the hoppers on the Paramount lot when he states: "We think we've got a real find in Rosemary. She has a personality that sparkles. She's an easy, relaxed performer."

Taurog worked with Clooney on "The Stars Are Singing," "Red Garters," "Here Come The Gals" and "White Christmas."

Irving Asher, who produced "The Stars Are Singing" always calls Rose "Miss Crosby." He thinks she has a gold mine in her offhand, casual approach. "If anyone teaches her to act, he will be performing a great disservice," Asher says. "She has a wonderfully expressive face. But it shouldn't be glossed—never photographed the way it is."

Richard Isaac Ferrer, who can boast some-

HIT STROPPER JULIE GIBSON STILL REALLY IS A MISS

JULIE GIBSON, carefree-as-a-cotton-of her-lesque who prominently stars at The Wedge in Philadelphia as "The Ruffled Bride" is still really a miss, her manager, Reddy O'Leary and Al Nersisyan, who owns of the club, announced recently.

Somewhere, they said, the impression has gotten around that Julie is married, and to one of them. This is not true.

what a background of his own as both actor and producer, was "staggered" when he saw Clooney's last film. He admits: "I was almost angry that a girl who had never acted before could be that good the first time out."

Ferrer, who first met Clooney when he was making a personal appearance tour for "Cyrano de Bergerac" in the fall of 1992, "just kept watching this Rose" until he fell in love with her. He says she has outstanding interpretive talent. He saw good singing in "acting without notes" anyway, says that people who depend on technique in singing, rather than on sincerity, don't make the best actors or singers. Ferrer cites the outstanding work of Sinatra in "Hush To Kismet" and Crosby in "Country Girl" as examples of his point of view.

An important person in Rose's scheme of things is a good friend and her dance coach, Ben Allen. Miss Allen is on the set whenever Clooney works. She and Rose have perfected a signal system. When Ben Allen thinks Rose's hands or feet are getting in the way of effectiveness, she knows. Rose deliberately makes mistakes then to force the director to say "cut," so she can begin all over. She calls Ben Allen a "perfectionist."

One person who is far from enthusiastic about the way Hollywood is handling Clooney is Mark Miller. Much can be very blunt. He says her film "stink."

"There's not a hit song in any of them," he criticizes. "And it's simply because, they don't know what to do with Rosemary."

Ironically, the hit recording of "Come On A My House," conceptualized a spirited sex talk between Mark Miller, the genius behind the hit in Columbia's big dance department. Unaware that she was fighting against fate and fate, Rose gave Mark a hard time when he insisted that she cut the song.

"Mark Miller overruled me through that one," Rose looks back. "I must have been going through a stage when I thought I could only sing behind. It wasn't that I doubted the song. I just couldn't believe it was right for me."

Miller, who has frantically free time with Columbia at selecting songs, singers, musical acts and arrangements, knew the number was right for Clooney. He posed his point when the recording sold more than a million copies.

Miller first encountered and appreciated the Clooney talent when he heard one of her first recordings, "Grown For You." His comment: "Nice sounds." He felt she had "depth and heart." Shortly thereafter, Miller, who was with Mercury and had just engineered Frankie Laine and his "Mule Train" in money-laden depths and does interesting things with a girl named Patti Page, moved his close and selective talent over to Columbia. He took a look at the then obscure Rose Clooney's contract and commented: "We'd better have a new one drawn up as I won't be able to get any work out of you."

Miller's attitude gave her faith in him "even before we started working together," Miss Clooney says.

He reaped immediate delight from his experiment with Clooney and Butrick before the same recording failed. "I wanted to do something with the compromise between a badly done and the sophisticated type woman of the world," Miller explains.

RESTAURANT OF THE MONTH

Cafe Continental



NAPOLEON BONAPARTE was a man of many talents whose mastery of military science was fully matched by his ability in a much-less-publicized art—cooking. When he was not handing out battle orders, likely as not he was hovering over a hot stove concocting some gourmet delight. One such dish the French emperor threw together at the height of the Battle of Merengo in Italy and it has come down through the years to become a culinary treat. Called Chicken Merengo after the battle (which Napoleon, of course, won after glutting himself), the dish is but one of the offbeat European specialties featured at Chicago's Cafe Continental by host Dave Falzone.

A gent who believes in quantity as well as quality at the dinner table, genial Dave of Sicilian descent offers sumptuous spreads at tabs that start at \$3 for a scallopine entree with all the fixin's and go up to a \$6 top for what he calls a Roman Holiday Dinner, something truly formidable served up on a silver platter. The feast tries to duplicate the old Roman organ in every respect except the regurgitation.

Not one to follow the precept that man lives by bread alone, Dave feels that soft romantic music is an aid to the digestive tract and provides a strolling troubadour with guitar strumming very an-Predepush tunes.

Continental atmosphere is the motif of the tastily-done decor. A quite reasonable facsimile of a wine cave is secreted in one corner while another nook duplicates the brightness of a gypsy tent.

But basically the food's the thing at the Continental with Dave personally presiding over the cuisine and following the culinary precepts he first picked up while cooking at home during the depression years while Papa and Mama were both at work to keep the burghouse eating regularly. One Continental delight called Veal Aragona he named after the small Sicilian home town of his father. An original with Dave, the dish has anchovy strips and Romano cheese, topping a veal steak broiled in garlic butter and lemon.

For less gluttonous folk, Dave maintains on the street level an indoor sidewalk cafe, first of its kind in Chicago. Here a dozen different kinds of coffee are served up with goaty French pastries or delicate finger sandwiches. It all adds up to an eatery in truly European style, bound to please appetites no matter how prodigious or petite. *



"I'm afraid I can't give you the key to my heart. Would the key to my apartment do?"

Startling proof of the Clooney ability to move in varied phases of the singing business is furnished by a flashback to recording history of 1954. The latter part of the year, Miss Clooney turned the domination of her way two Columbia Records hits—two quite unexpected—among the top ten listed in *Variety* Magazine as favorites of the public. Her highly sentimental ballad, "Yes, There's" maintained top position in the listing for weeks—while "The Old House," a rickety, rhythm number stayed a close second. "Yes, There's" from the musical, "Fanny's Game," because the first time from a musical, to sell over a million in many more years than Tim Pan Alley could remember. By October, 1954, it had reached up a sale of 1,200,000. Rosie has the credit from the almost shy warren of "Billie Jo March," through the half-tender, half-louding "Bunch A Me," in which she strikes the tune of an Italian mama, through an outstanding recording career, "Too Old To Cut The Mustard" in which she thoroughly shifts gears, often an almost rasping, half country also to win placement the baroque contribution of Miss Dornick. Add to this, the last, Miss Clooney touch on "Come On A My House" and you have a picture of one of the most amazing talent money-risked on was "Come On A My House" skyrocketed to the major million mark, propelled Clooney into the national spotlight circle.

There are subtle demonstrations of the Clooney versatility. Rosie has recorded 27 sides for Columbia's children's records division.

Rosie is enthusiastic about that part of her work. She analyzes it carefully.

"I'm concerned that the record industry goes a more honest approach to the recording of children's songs than to any other type," she points out. "In the love songs, for instance, gimmicks and all kinds of schmalts are brought into play. On one of my first recordings, I had to use a harp and dulcet. Then there are the multiple notes and even to many artificial aids."

She finds it different with records for the kids. Gate arrangements aren't enough, she has discovered. Better has to be flawless. The music—children are most about straight and innocent unless they get every single word clearly. She's learned too, that you don't patronize as "long down" to children. They recognize and "don't stand it."

Regarding her postscripts in Miss Clooney's favorite work in that field. But she was up against a handicap at first.

"Children don't buy most women's voices. You see, they are so used to being around the house everyday and hearing their mothers' voices. To them this represents discipline. They go for men's voices. They are crazy about me."

Rosie's solution to this problem was simple. On her children's records she sang like a man with a masculine voice. It has worked. Her children's records have sold more than a million, the outstanding one being "Sweetieheart" which did a whopping 220,000.

When Paramount Pictures started Rosemary in the film, "White Christmas," placing her in the illustrious company of Bing Crosby and Danny Kaye, perhaps the colophon in the United States was assured was a certain Hollywood critic. Mirthful of La Clooney's long, large boned frame, her

staring jaw, big bosom and long legs, the reviewer sneered that Rosemary is "an atypical girl," but lacking an sufficient "photographic glamor to carry a love story."

When Miss Clooney herself read the review, she did a slow beam. Normally, the Kentucky-born singer can take passing or praise in her nonchalant stride. But this morning, things weren't normal. In the first place, she was pregnant. In the second place, she read the review sitting opposite actor-producer Joe Ferrer at breakfast. Rosemary's modest but enthusiastic smile came in the thousands. But Ferrer happens to be the one living man who she wants to keep impressed with an illusion of her glamor. He's her husband.

Shirley Ferrer came through in the scene. Looming across the table and looking full into Rosemary's enigmatic face, he demanded: "I wish you'd tell me how you got into this condition if you're not glamorous enough to provide some sort of love affair."

Clooney says high all over Hollywood also—not only in the ranks of technicians, but among the sparkling personalities of the movie circle. Sharpest criticism they have of her is that she refuses to fight back when attacked. Rosie has her own explanation of this.

"Usually, when something goes wrong, I try to say nothing until I've cooled down," she breathes. "I walk my dogs and tell them my troubles—or take a shower and let the air in the shower stall sit blue for a while. I see in there and I get the trouble out of my system. It may be an effort not to tell people off. But it's a bigger effort not to be a jerk—and thank of all the trouble you have to go to to develop a happy personality." *



cabon

(Continued from page 48)

has stood out like a beacon in a storm as the colony that most captures the spirit and flavor of Eliza.

Two years after the Cabon cause was being a bad to be refuted. That was because a bad because literally the entire of night life on the island—a position it enjoys to this day. The older, smaller but could not accommodate the hordes of fans who were attracted to the place; as the first had was torn down and a second one built on the mountain site.

Among the factors that have contributed to the Cabon's great popularity, the primary



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one in the club making of the best of that which a native with the finest and most adaptable aspects of a Western would enjoy. The 14 piece band, which holds forth in the Cabon, features danceable American and French numbers for the between shows dancing on the huge, circular dance floor.

Because the entertainment here is both authentic and readily accessible, it is a "must" for all island tours. Whenever there is a cruise boat in the harbor the Cabon is sure to be crowded to the rafters with gay visitors. The place is open on Saturdays, Sundays, and all holidays. Most tours are planned so that the stopover in Huala will take place on one of the days when the Cabon is open.

Robert Beeson, skilled architect who was trained in the United States, planned and designed the huge native hall. He occupies a strange position on the island in that he is also the designer and owner of a hotel and night club which competes with Cabon. Chances and the hotel is an integral part of the Hotel Chacona. Beeson has operated in respecting the local color and tradition into the place he has designed. The Cabon with its 60-foot height at the center and some than 60-foot diameter represents one of the most dramatic combinations of native material on the whole of the island. Built right into the setting of rough house beams and Spanish moss are such of the normal Western world every feature like a large bar-tend, a modern kitchen, and a lighting system that bathes the shows in vivid color. The way Beeson has planned the set up, all of these necessary, but in no way detract from the basic Vodoo pattern.

This is pretty much the model for the whole Chacona hotel, which also features a swimming pool set in a palm lined back ground. The hotel, itself, is typical of the kind of accommodations to be found in Puerto Villa, mountain suburb, some five miles from San Francisco. The island is much older than the port town which has become throughout the pages of history a memorable landmark for sailors of all nations. *



blinstrub's village

(Continued from page 38)

The floor is covered with married flagstones.

Open from 5 p.m., the Village not only offers a night life refuge for Bostonians, but serves as a dining out spot for hundreds of early retiring patrons who also patronize the all-day grille and separate cocktail lounge.

Each show at the Village is a miniature Broadway revue, giving some sense to the agent's whims. "First you play Broadway, New York, and then you play Broadway, South Boston." Agents are delighted to hook their top acts into the Village, because Blinstrub is happy to pay handsomely for their services. He once offered Liberman \$35,000 for a week's work, plus \$15,000 for Perry Como. Miss Patten's rate has not been revealed, but it is reputed to be a quaterly retainer.

All of the names who have graced the Village stage have appeared for five-figure sums, any of which could have paid the freight for both the amuses that once did battle on the spot.

For all that, however, credit to the customer at Blinstrub's remains strictly in the bargain-basement range. An important part of Stanley Blinstrub's formula on the one and feeding of the world's biggest money, the dinner goes for between \$1 and \$3, and though there is a minimum on weekends, Blinstrub says it is purely to assure that the customers who are turned away aren't kept out by deadbeats—patrons who come, look, but don't spend.

Fast these at the magic formula is the machine-like precision with which the place is operated. Though credit Stanley is no saint, he is a strict taskmaster among the 200 employees who take pride in running the Village.

A hundred of them are waitresses, girls who, as Blinstrub says, "could catch and carry one of them take a place in the chorus line one night and no one the next."

Two chefs, Maurice Balfanz and George Stern, preside over the huge, steamy steel kitchen, where the "man chef," the propriety himself, is likely to do the final testing on all dishes during the evening. No exotic dishes are featured, in consonance to the austere New England temperament.

"Just plain meats, fish and the like," says Blinstrub, who finds that Steak—especially filets with mushroom sauce—are tops in popularity, with as many as 3,000 pounds of succulent beef passing over the broilers and onto the tannins of happy diners as one evening.

During the past summer, Blinstrub spent a fortune for improvements in his kitchen, installing many revolving innovations. First and foremost is the new and fabulous light system, only electronically controlled setup of its kind in the world, costing \$75,000. Some 332 miles of wiring was used. It's actually possible to paint with lights, obtaining all sorts of unusual effects for the stage shows and entertainments.

A new circular staircase of steel, damped on two sides, leads from the top stage, backed by a floor-to-ceiling curtain. The lovely show girls descend these stairs, displaying their own curves, while the lights transform these curtains into seemingly new changes within fractions of seconds.

The control panel for this lighting system has already attracted attention from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and other famed schools. By pushing various buttons, the operator of the panel—which does all the thinking—can derive 500 basic colors from six different sets. And there are 15 ways of combining these sets, adding up to thousands of color effects. In the basement, another board controls 100,000 watts. The dinner alone weighs over 5,000 pounds.

Like Topper, the Village "just grows." The story of the amazing night club is really the story of its proprietor, Sophophos Stanley could easily be taken for a bank director in the conservative blue serge suits he affects. There is nothing in his appearance that would hint the involvement of the night club he has nurtured through the years.

It all began in 1917 when young Blinstrub chanced to see a now-defunct restaurant on the corner of D. street and Broadway in South Boston. The Blinstrub clan had settled in Brighton, a suburb of Boston 20 years earlier. In the intervening years, Stanley had done a multitude of things.

"In some ways, it's strange that I landed in this business," smiles Stanley. "You see, I had done everything to earn a living in my younger days—cooking, making doughnuts, smoking pipes, working in a machine shop, as a laborer and as a sailor. Luckily, I managed to save a considerable amount of money, but it all went with the wind in the 1929 stock market crash."

The new restaurant was an immediate success. Stanley and his fellow, whom the young man talked into buying the eatery for \$10,000, netted \$32,000 the first year. This went a long way to making up the financial loss incurred in the stock market crash. Accidentally, the crash played a part in the extremely low purchase price. The original owner had offered the place for \$38,000 before the hotel year.

"That was in the good old days when a ham sandwich had been sold for a nickel, while a beefed dinner cost two bits," recalled Blinstrub.

The energetic youth worked 16 hours daily to make a success out of the restaurant, just as he does today. After his father died in 1925, Stanley continued to renew the lease on the building, deciding to transform the main section into a night club. It was on New Year's Eve, 1934, after working for 32

consecutive hours and helping set the last window in place at 3 p.m., that he opened the Village for a gathering of 300. The crowd was very impressed, too.

"I charged three dollars a plate," says Stan the Man. "That included a first course, dinner, two cocktails and a small bottle of champagne, as well as a floor show. The guests came from 35 states."

And the guests continued to come from all over the country—coming in such throngs that the Village had to be enlarged again. In 1937, about \$50 could be seated at once. Ten years later, that figure was doubled, the business setting a fast pace constantly. That '48 enlargement was the result of a four-year project, executed by Stanley's brother and his employees. In the meantime, the Village stayed open on its regular schedule. Building was done around it. When completed, the old walls were demolished, revealing the biggest night club in the world—an eye-opener, indeed.

Married to the former Mary Trimbridge, his childhood sweetheart, Blinstrub is the proud father of three married daughters and five grandchildren, plus a son, who is seeking outcane at Boston University. Stanley is only six feet tall. His home for sleeping, primarily, even working, "around the clock" Sunday. But his family sees him at the Village, where they often drop in for a snack or a dance.

The owner of the Village has one consuming hobby, charity work and helping youth. Sunday afternoons, he often opens his place to "teen ages, charging the boys and girls one dollar for which they see the regular stage show and stars, being served sandwiches and soft drinks. Every dollar is turned over to various charitable organizations.

Organized charities take over the Village Sunday evenings, setting any price desired for admissions. Blinstrub doesn't mind the losses, providing full-course dinners and dancing shows for rates lower than playing poolrooms. Last year, he raised \$475,000 for these worthy causes. And on one night, he wouldn't take a cent for a \$200-per-plate meal that drew 1,250 people, who donated a total of \$135,000 to a church charity.

On one occasion, a priest on nearby Dedham sold 3000 tickets like hot cakes for a charity affair to be held in the Village.

"But where will we put them?" asked Stanley.

"Oh, I didn't think of that," said the priest. "Perhaps I should pay for rain."

And it did rain, just the capacity of 1700 attending the dinner.

Blinstrub will never forget the time he decided to add a 300-seat night club to his 150-seat restaurant. His friends told him it would prove to be a mistake, his late mother weeping at his stubbornness. He was told that his location was wrong, that the depression was on, that money was too tight. His family even persuaded a Harvard professor to try and make him change his mind.

"Come back in two years and apologize," Blinstrub told the professor.

So the two years shadded by, with the professor kindly eating his words.

Operating on the philosophy of the late columnist, Arthur Brisbane, Stanley believes that "you give the people what you'll get volume." And that's exactly what he has today, volume—not to mention the biggest night club in these United States, or anywhere. *

glamour gab

By Morton Cooper

STAGE AND SCREEN STUFF. Rosanna Hory, newest member of the Lollibridgia School of Acting, has a new kind of indemnity complex. "I've only got a 37" bust," she complains, "so nobody believes I'm Italian". . . . 20th Century Fox has put the pressure on Jayne Mansfield: from now on her Busting Out All Over photos must be "more dignified". . . . The dialogue in Tennessee Williams' prize-winning play, "Cat On A Hot Tin Roof" is the roughest in years, but none of it got laundered during its Broadway run. Before its Paris premiere, though, the director cut all the words he thought might shock the audience. Result A: The critics called it dirty, anyway. Result B: The director ordered the words got back in. . . . Although the filming of "God's Little Acre" hasn't even begun (Robert Ryan will star) censor groups are already insisting they'll fight to have it banned. Suggested name for them: God's Little Acres. . . . Anita Ekberg is hot stuff here, but the British press refer to her as The Bore With A Bust. (We don't get bored so easily.) Wait till they see her as a stripper in her new flicker, "The Steamship Mired". . . . This isn't an eye charmer, but a listing of current movies: "Boss", "Zarak", "Hak", "Demingo", "Curruca", "Ondonga", and "Cha-Cha-Boom".

GRIND AND BUMP BANTER. Which one's got the phoney? Tina Louise, the super-constructed beauty in Broadway's "Lili Abner", plans to sue Tina Louise, the super-endowed peeler. Why? . . . Winona Garrett manages to be sexy even when she sits at the N. Y. Spendletrip and pulls panties off lamb chops. "I'm the kind of business woman," says Winona, "who's sold everything but my body". . . . Disrobers being avid perusers of current events, one is now calling herself The Mad Bumper. . . . Elvis Whateaname gets everywhere. His East Coast date is pretty peeler Gina Marie, who packs them in at Tony Pastore's in N. Y. Gina does a sultry number that makes Presley's contortion available for church socials. . . . It shouldn't happen to a stripper, especially a doll like Rose

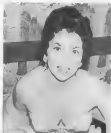
LaRose: Rose played The Gayety in Cincinnati this winter for 3 days while the cellar boiler was on the blink. No heat, during below zero weather. Rose had to keep getting down to the bare essentials while her audiences huddled in their leather jackets. A major ordeal, but Rose's act kept the place hot.

RECORD ROW. The wise guys are retelling Jerry Lewis' hit record album "Mime To Get Even With Dean Martin By". (P.S. Martin needn't worry. . . . Robert Sylvester suggests the best way to play a Lawrence Welk record is on a square photograph. . . . Vincent Lopez won't tour India after all, he says, because they want him and his hand to play for bread and Buddha. . . . New albums expected to cash in is recorded from a tape made three years ago by James Dean on bougas. Complete with Dean ad lib.

AFTER DARK DEPT. Who says the day of fantastic fees for cabaret entertainers is over? Ray Bolger goes into Las Vegas' Sahara in July at \$25,000 a week. . . . Jack Benny warns friends in Vegas to keep away from one club. "The venue can't be any good," says Benny, "because they're paying him a lousy \$15,000 a week." . . . Don't worry about Milton Berle's fate. He just broke all records at Miami Beach's plush Eden Roc. . . . Nice guy dept.: Not generally known

is that Jimmy Durante gave ailing Eddie Jackson a year off with full pay. . . . Newest N. Y. nibery bonfire will be Jackie Gleason. He claims he's got a revolutionary idea for a club, but won't confide in yet. . . . One reason Sophie Tucker stays at the top is that her material stays topical. Her new act includes a Presley takeoff and a rowdy song called "Calypso Mama". . . . Sarah Vaughn, Miss Vaughtendeful, comes up with the one about the bopper who gets a pint of blood and a shot of morphine after being in an auto accident. "Doc," he exclaims. "I don't dig your wine but, sure that chaser is the end!". . . . A sign in a Greenwich Village bar reads: "Drink and Be Mary."

NIGHT NOTES. Manhattan is now known as The Place Where Night Clubs Are 6 Months Long. A few of the top ones are folding, many of the side street ones are giving up—because of tax troubles and because people are staying home unless the attractions are really big. One current gay goes that a club in Gotham went bankrupt so suddenly last week that the help got locked in. . . . Rock 'n' Roll is becoming squarer every day, now that calypso has taken over. The songwriters who used to hang around Tin Pan Alley with sodebums down to their knees ("to feel the beat") now play it very West Indian by wearing flowered sport shirts, straw hats and guitar ("to hit the mood"). . . . Most faunts of culture may never throw a big testimonial dinner for Harold Minsky, but The Ziegfeld of Burlesque won't ever fret. Last year he staged a sumptuous pageant in and for the Dominican Republic. This season he introduced his skin-and-spice shows to the ultra-chic night life belt. "Minsky Goes To Paris," a full bodged burlesque, with strippers and baggy pants comies, opened in January at The Dunes in Las Vegas, and probably will stay there for months to come. The entire production, served up with Minsky's own profitable recipe of high brow and low down actrinity, is a tremendous success there. Star exoties are Brandy Martin and Pat Amber Halladay.



GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA

CABARET

